

SPOTLIGHT

IDW

CVR A

ROBERTS
PAZILLA
LAFUENTE

THE

TRANS



FOR



HOIST

SPOTLIGHT

IDW

CVR B

ROBERTS
PADILLA
LA FUENTE

THE TRANSFORMERS



HOIST

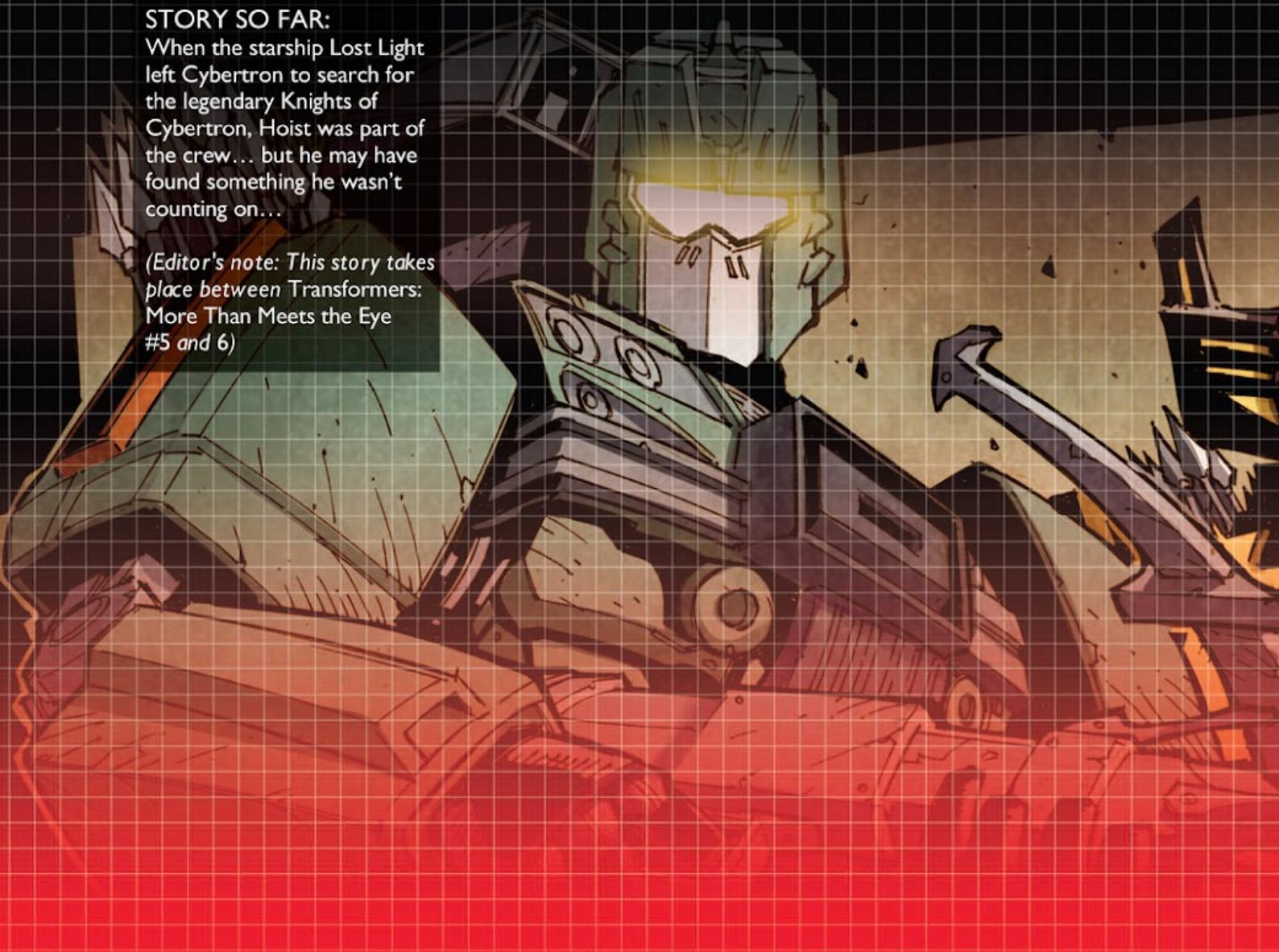
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THE TRANSFORMERS

STORY SO FAR:

When the starship Lost Light left Cybertron to search for the legendary Knights of Cybertron, Hoist was part of the crew... but he may have found something he wasn't counting on...

(Editor's note: This story takes place between Transformers: More Than Meets the Eye #5 and 6)



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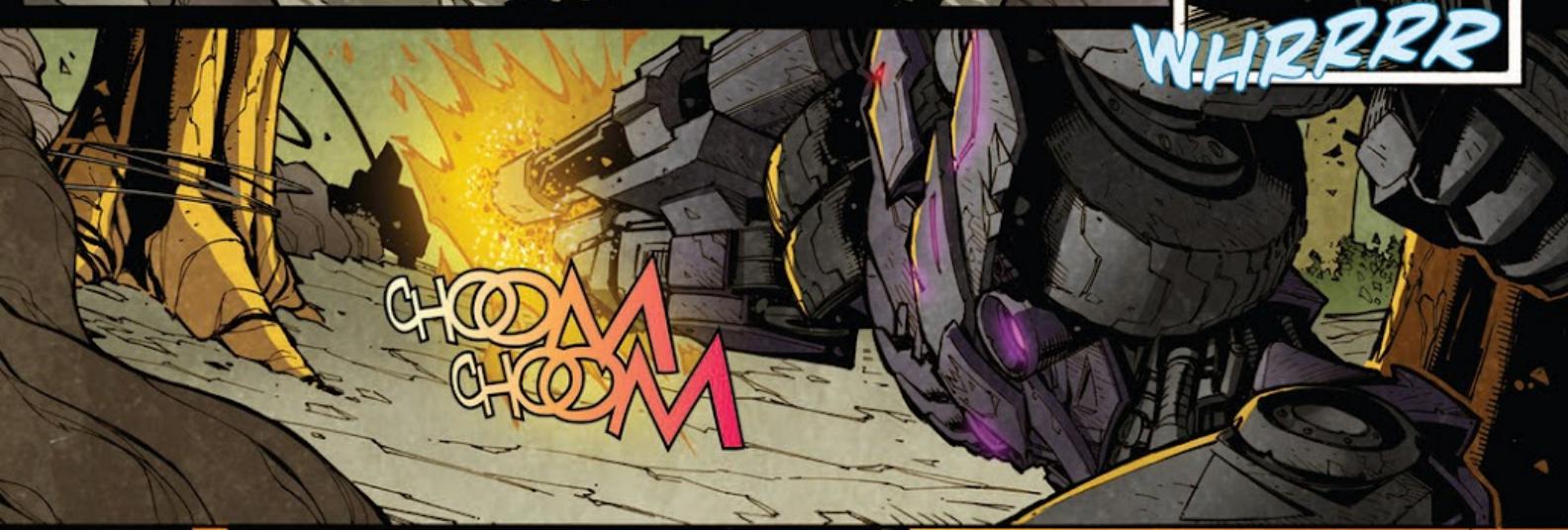


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THE PLANET
DEIMUS.

THE WAITING GAME





CHOOAM
CHOOAM



SKRALKK







SIX HOURS UNTIL FULL VISIBILITY.

NOW, I'M NOT ONE TO APPORTION BLAME, BUT SUNSTREAKER? THIS IS PHENOMENALLY YOUR FAULT.

THERE WE WERE ON THE LOST LIGHT, ALL SET FOR A QUIET TRIP TO A DESERTED DECEPTICON OUTPOST—Y'KNOW, MAYBE FIND SOME LEFTOVER ENERGON—AND THEN YOU ROCK UP: THE VAINEST AUTOBOT SINCE RECORDS BEGAN.

"OH, I'LL COME ALONG! I'LL PILOT THE SHUTTLE!"

I DIDN'T—

HALF AN HOUR LATER: CRASH!

LOOK, I HAPPEN TO BE A PRETTY AMAZING PILOT. IN THIS INSTANCE, AS WE WERE COMING IN TO LAND, SOMETHING ON THE RADAR SCREEN CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD.

YOU WERE DISTRACTED BY YOUR OWN REFLECTION!

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE...

...AT LEAST THE FALLOUT FROM THE HEAT COILS DIDN'T MELT YOU INTO THE CEILING.

TECHNICALLY, PERCEPTOR, SINCE THE SHUTTLE'S UPSIDE-DOWN, THAT'S THE FLOOR.

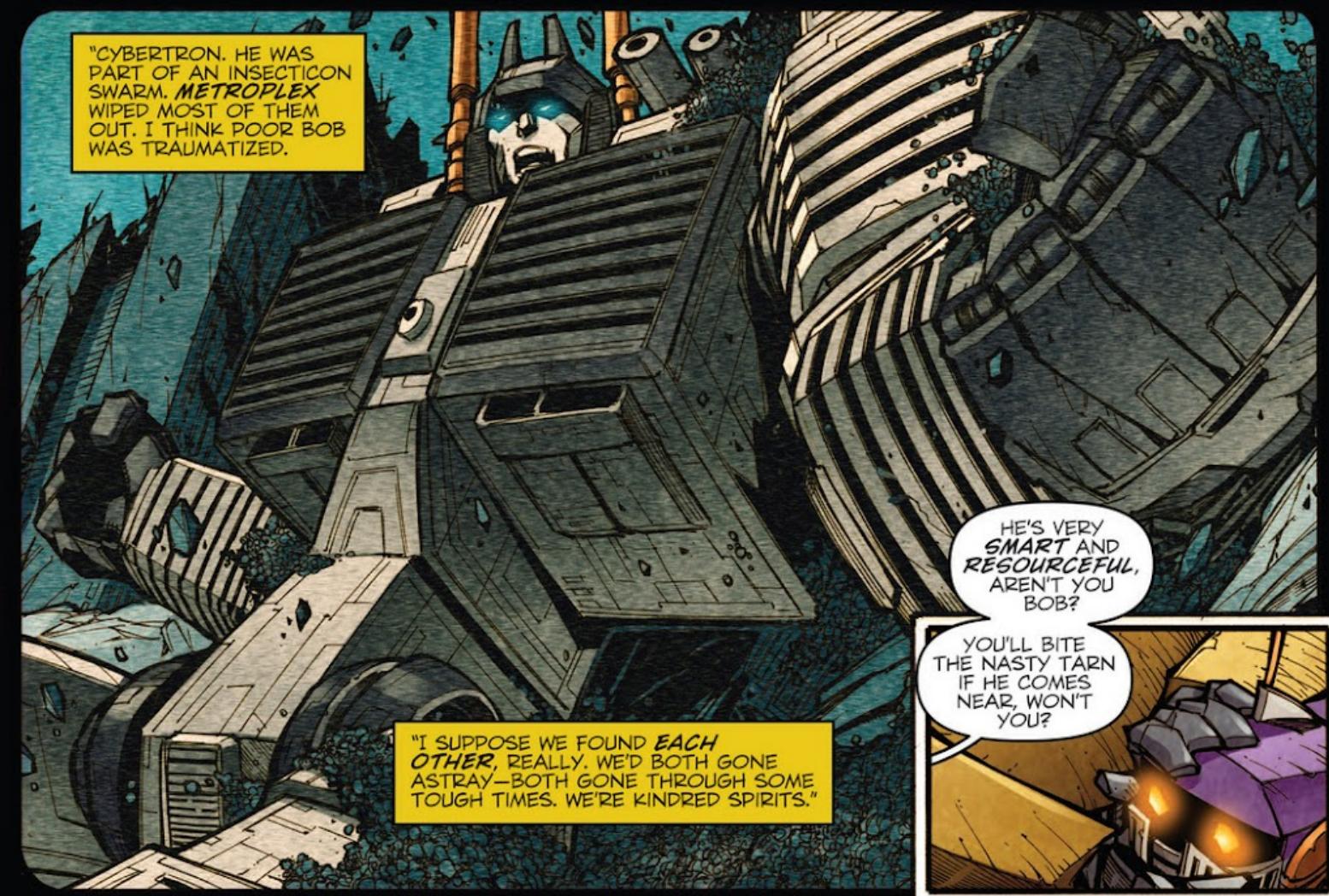
DID YOU JUST CORRECT THE SMARTEST AUTOBOT OF ALL TIME?

YEP, AN' HE HATES IT. LOOK—HE'S IGNORING ME NOW.

ANY LUCK CONTACTING THE LOST LIGHT, HOIST?

THEY'RE NOT ANSWERING. I'LL KEEP TRYING, BUT—THEY'LL COME. THEY'LL RESCUE US.

I HOPE SO. BECAUSE AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, THAT'S THE ONLY WAY WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE.





**TWO HOURS UNTIL
FULL VISIBILITY.**

JUST-
-STOP-
-TALKING!

I'VE HARDLY
SAID A WORD! I'VE
BEEN LISTENING TO
HOIST TELL US ABOUT
BLURR WINNING
THE IBEX CUP!

WAS
IT?

WHAT?!
THAT WASN'T
HOIST, THAT
WAS YOU!

I WOULDN'T MIND
ALL THE CHATTER,
BUT HALF THE TIME IT'S
DIG, DIG, DIG, HAVE A GO
AT SUNSTREAKER. WHY
NOT PICK ON-ON HOIST
FOR A CHANGE?

HOIST?
NAH.

WHY? WHY
NOT?

LOOK AT
THE GUY! I'VE
GOT NOTHING
TO WORK
WITH!

IF SOMEONE
SAID TO ME,
"THAT HOIST,
WHAT'S HE LIKE?"
I'D SAY, "HE'S
GREEN."

AND IF
THEY SAID, "NO,
BUT WHAT'S HE
REALLY LIKE?" I'D
SAY, "HE'S GREEN
AND HE'S GOT A
TOW LINE."

I'M RIGHT
HERE, YOU
KNOW!

NO
OFFENSE,
HOIST.

OFFENSE
TAKEN! OFFENSE
MASSIVELY TAKEN!

YOU KNOW
WHY YOU CAN'T
GET A HANDLE ON
ME? BECAUSE I'M
AN ORDINARY
PERSON. I'M
NORMAL.

I'M JUST
A MID-RANKING
MAINTENANCE
ENGINEER WHO TAKES
EACH DAY AS IT COMES.
I'M NOT PARTICULARLY
CHATTY, HANDSOME,
OR CLEVER, BUT YOU
KNOW WHAT? I GET
BY. I MANAGE.

SO DON'T
DISMISS ME JUST
BECAUSE—UNLIKE
ALL YOUR PALS ON
THE LOST LIGHT—MY
PERSONALITY ISN'T
THE PRODUCT OF
A CRIPPLING
PSYCHOLOGICAL
DISORDER.

...
YOU ARE
GREEN,
THOUGH.

ONE HOUR UNTIL
FULL VISIBILITY.

I'M JUST SAYING I'VE BEEN IN TIGHTER SPOTS THAN THIS, THAT'S ALL. I REMEMBER ONCE I WAS BLOWN TO PIECES—I ENDED UP AT THE BOTTOM OF JUDA'S BRIDGE BACK ON CYBERTRON. I WAS PRESUMED DEAD!

YEAH, I CAN IMAGINE THE SCENE...

SWERVE, THE DAY YOU DIE, YOUR MOUTH WILL CARRY ON. THEY'LL HAVE TO FIRE IT INTO SPACE TO GET SOME PEACE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, HOIST? ANY NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCES THAT'LL HELP PUT OUR CURRENT PREDICAMENT INTO PERSPECTIVE?

UM... NONE THAT I PARTICULARLY WANT TO TALK ABOUT.

HEY, NO WORRIES. YOU WANT TO KEEP STUFF TO YOURSELF, THAT'S FINE.

THANK YOU, SWERVE. I APPRECIATE THAT.

URGE TO SPEAK: 96%

97%

98%

99%

100%

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

FOR THE LOVE OF—

—LOOK, IF I TELL YOU, DO YOU PROMISE TO KEEP QUIET FOR FIVE MINUTES?

NO, BUT FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS CONVERSATION LET'S SAY YES.

OKAY, SO PRETEND THIS IS A COMMUTER SHIP, RIGHT? KALIS TO IBEX AND BACK AGAIN, EVERY SIX HOURS.

"FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO, AND I'M ON THIS SHIP. ME AND 26 OTHERS.

"I NEVER KNEW THEIR NAMES. TRAVELED WITH THEM THOUSANDS OF TIMES. NEVER KNEW THEIR NAMES.

"IT'S SUNRISE—NOT THAT YOU'D KNOW IT—AND WE'RE FLYING OVER THE RUST SPOT. WE SHOULDN'T BE—the storms make it one of the most dangerous regions of Cybertron—but our new pilot thinks he's something special. Thinks he can shave an hour off the journey.

"ONE. HOUR."

"THE VISIBILITY IS APPALLING—SO BAD, IN FACT, THAT NO ONE SEES THIS OTHER SHUTTLE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US.

...AND ONE SHIP GOES DOWN.

"THERE'S A COLLISION..."

"I WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR.

"AT FIRST I STAYED AT THE CRASH SITE, WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO COME LOOKING FOR ME. MAYBE THEY DID. BUT GIVEN THE SIZE OF RUST SPOT—THE STORMS—WHO KNOWS?"

KISH

"IN THE END I STARTED WALKING—JUST LOOKING FOR A WAY OUT, Y'KNOW?"

"I WALKED UNTIL MY SERVOS SEIZED UP, AND THEN I JUST... SAT."

"AND I CAN'T TELL YOU EXACTLY WHEN, BUT THERE CAME A POINT WHEN I WAS CERTAIN—ABSOLUTELY CONVINCED—that I would never be found. THAT I WOULD DIE **ALONE**, IN UTTER ISOLATION, WITHOUT EVER SEEING ANOTHER CYBERTRONIAN FACE."

CRIEEEY.

WISH I HADN'T ASKED NOW.

SORRY, SWERVE—I NEARLY HIT YOU. LET ME JUST—

OH MY—!
WHAT IS THAT?

YOU'RE LEAKING! BADLY!

IT'S NOTHING.

IT'S NOT NOTHING! IT'S— YOU'VE SUFFERED SEVERE ENERGON LOSS. AND YOU KNEW!

ALL THAT TALKING—ALL THAT NONSENSE— IT WAS A DISTRACTION, WASN'T IT?

YOU DIDN'T WANT US TO KNOW HOW BADLY YOU WERE HURT...

I'VE RUPTURED MY SPARK CASING. I'M FADING. IT HAPPENS. NOTHING ANYONE CAN DO ABOUT IT. NOT DOWN HERE.

UNLESS WE GET HIM TO A MEDIBAY QUICKLY HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT. WE NEED TO GET BACK TO THE LOST LIGHT.

WE SHOULD GO OUTSIDE—TAKE THE FIGHT TO TARN. THE D.J.D. MUST HAVE THE MEANS TO GET OFF THIS PLANET—A TRANSMAT OR A SHUTTLE OR SOMETHING.

SWERVE, I KNOW I'M JUST SOME GREEN GUY WITH A TOW LINE, BUT I CAN'T STAND HERE AND LET YOU—

MEEAARRGH!

WE DIDN'T BRING ANY WEAPONS WITH US. WHAT'RE WE GONNA USE AGAINST TARN?

NO!

YES YOU CAN! I DON'T WANT ANYONE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO SAVE A THREE-FINGERED LOUDMOUTH LIKE—

"...AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN RUSTLE UP."

GIMME FIVE MINUTES...

AAA

I KNOW IT'S NEITHER THE TIME NOR THE PLACE, BUT DAMN WE LOOK GOOD.

I THINK WE SHOULD SPLIT UP.

AGREED. KEEP WITHIN A 30-KLIK RADIUS OF THE SHIP AND USE THE COMMUNICATORS TO KEEP IN TOUCH.

FOUND ANYTHING?

NEGATIVE.

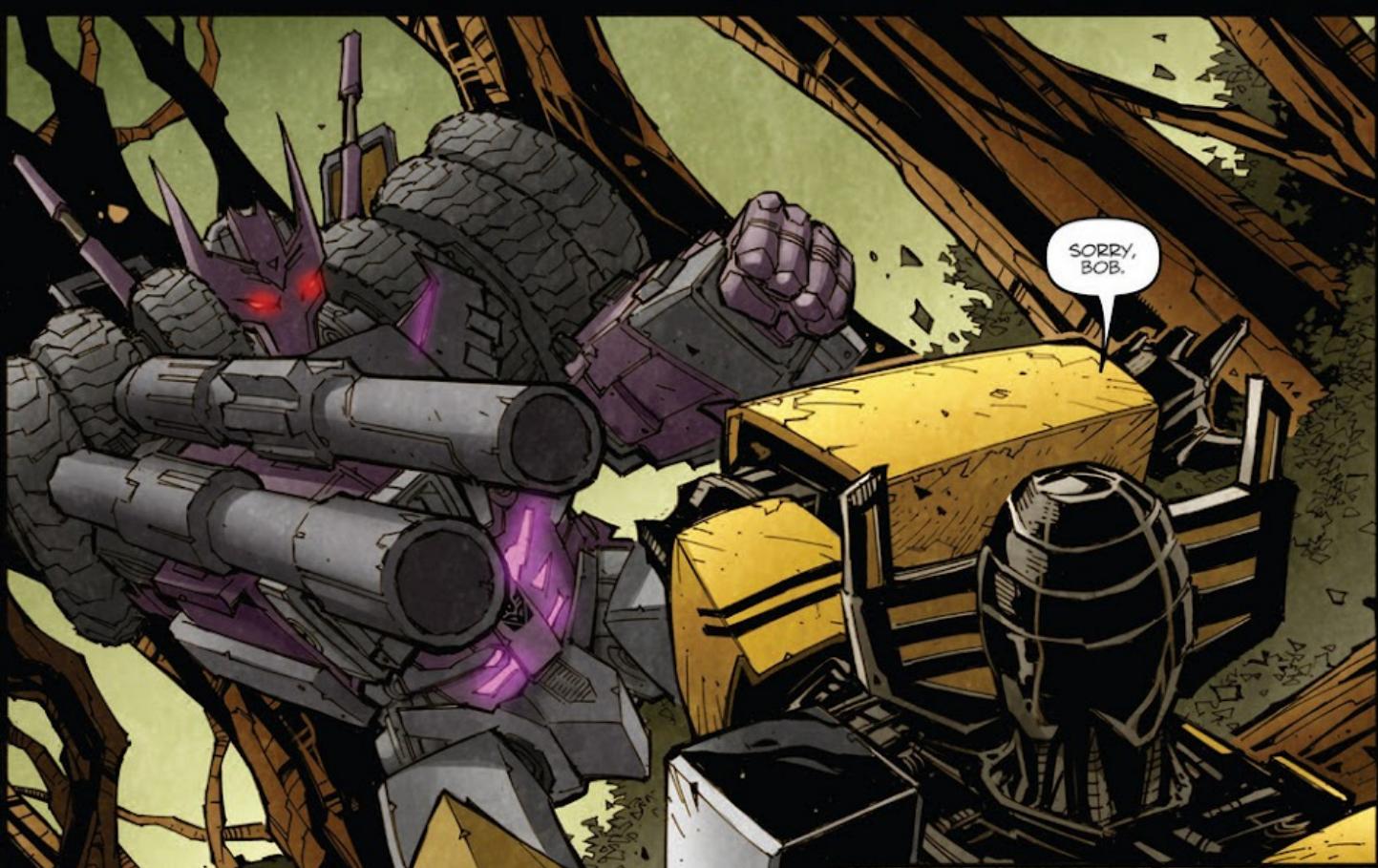
IF YOU SEE ANYTHING, AVOID IT. IF ANYTHING SEES YOU, ATTACK IT.

YOU ALRIGHT? YOU DON'T SOUND ALRIGHT.

I DIDN'T SAY GOODBYE TO BOB. I WAS TOO BUSY ADMIRING MY—

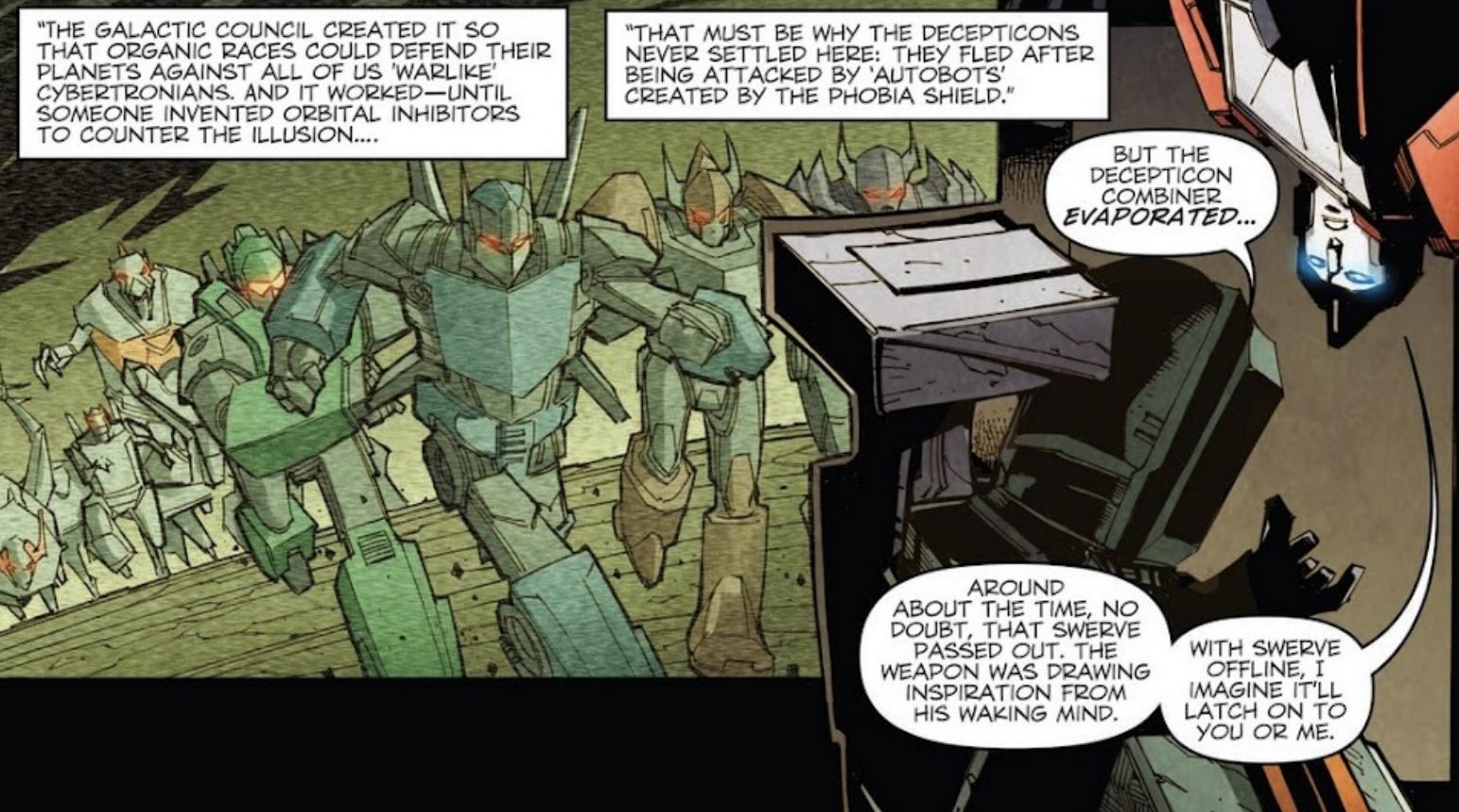
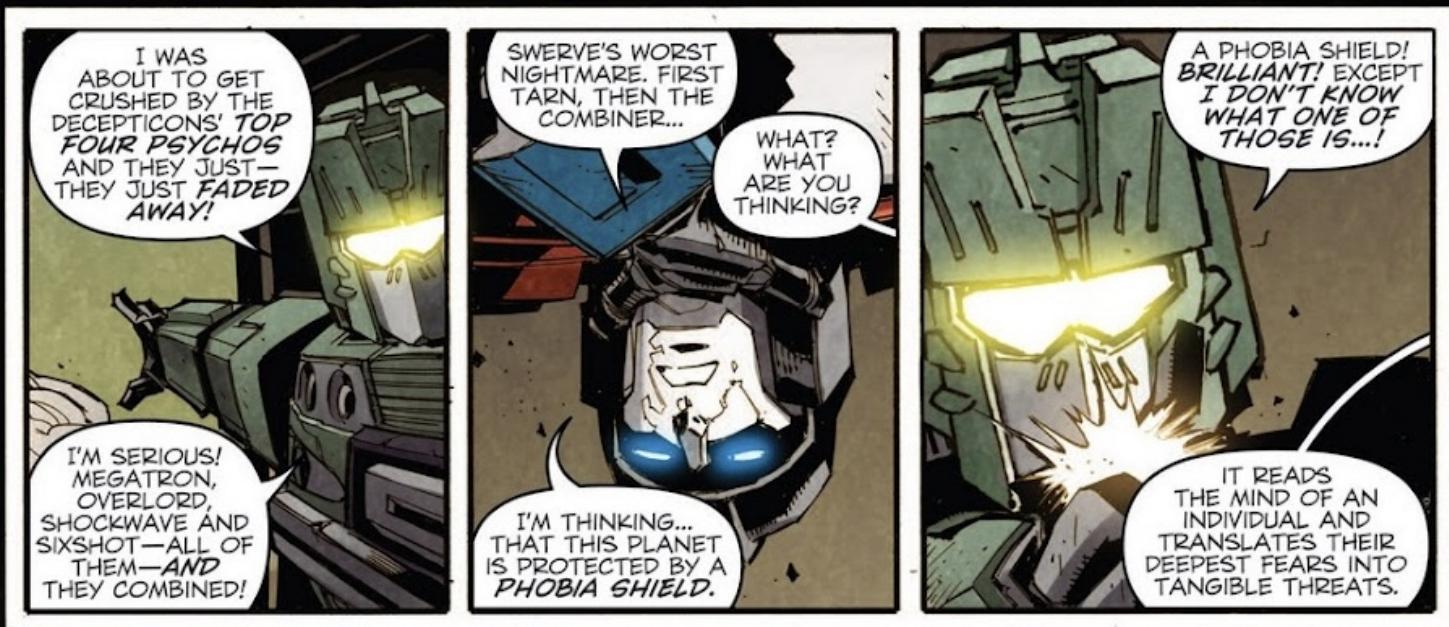
UGH!

COME ON THEN!











RRRUUMMBBLEE





WE'VE GOTTA
GET OUT OF
HERE BEFORE
METROPLEX—



SKRUNCH



C'MON.
C'MON.
C'MON.
C'MON.



CLOSE YOUR
EYES, HOLD
TIGHT, AND LET
ME DO THE
SCREAMING
FOR YOU!



OOF!



